EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE GALINDEZ MYSTERY BY FRED J. COOKE

THE Nation

JUNE 2, 1956
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REMAKING THE GOP

Will Ike's "Middle Way" Last?

by Gordon Harrison

1929-1956: Some Deadly Parallels

by David Hamilton

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Letters

60,000 New Candidates for Jail

Dear Sirs: A new anti-narcotics bill recently introduced in Congress upon the recommendations of a Senate subcommittee under the chairmanship of Senator Price Daniel sets a new low in a field characterized by ill-conceived legislation. The key to an understanding of the fantastic suggestions of this subcommittee is in the fact that the viewpoints of the police and the prosecution were allowed to dominate and, to a considerable extent, control the hearings. The suggestions and arguments advanced by the subcommittee coincide to a remarkable degree with the opinions and attitudes established by the Federal Narcotics Bureau.

The subcommittee admits that "the big-time traffickers in illicit narcotics are seldom caught and convicted" and hence aims the savage penalties of the new bill at small distributors and particularly at the addicts themselves who are easier to catch and convict. The current penalty of 2-5 years for a first offense is increased in the new act to a mandatory 5-10 years; that for a second offense, from 5-10 to 10-30; for a third offense, from 10-20 to mandatory life imprisonment or, at the discretion of the jury, the death penalty. A special minimum sentence of 10-years imprisonment or a death sentence (upon jury recommendation) is provided for anyone selling or giving heroin to a person under eighteen. With the exception of the last noted, the penalties are applied to all offenders regardless of age. To insure that addicts will be punished as severely as peddlers, it is specified that mere possession of illicit drugs "shall be deemed sufficient evidence to authorize conviction."

Despite the fact that most of the Christian nations of the world permit uncured addicts to obtain legal drugs and that a large proportion of these nations report fewer known addicts than the minimum estimate of 889 in Washington, D. C., alone, the subcommittee declared any provision of low-cost drugs to uncured users was immoral and that it had failed in all countries that have tried it. Suggestions are made concerning the utilization of almost non-existent treatment facilities, but the subcommittee also concluded that very few addicts could be cured. For the uncured victims, in addition to the sadistic penalties of the new law, the subcommittee proposes permanent imprisonment euphemistically called "indeterminate quarantine-type confinement." Addicts are evidently to be committed without having been convicted of any crime.

There are a number of interesting broader implications in the new act and in the committee's suggestions. The provision of mandatory penalties, for example, is a direct attack upon the federal judiciary, since it strips judges of the power to adjust penalties to the circumstances of individual cases or to temper justice with mercy. This power is now placed entirely in the hands of the police or the prosecution.

Since the committee accepted the figure of 60,000 known addicts for the country, its suggestions evidently envisage a considerable enlargement of the capacity of federal prisons, which now contain about 20,000 prisoners. Allowance would also have to be made for thousands of additional addicts not now known to the authorities and for the big-time traffickers who are now rarely apprehended. The latter would presumably continue in business as usual unless, as is highly unlikely, the committee's proposed legislation of wire-tapping should prove a serious handicap to them.

It will be a national disgrace if the proposed law is passed by Congress. The subcommittee's suggestions and the proposed legislation serve only to highlight the crying need for a genuine investigation of the narcotics problem in this country and especially for an inquiry into the control systems used abroad. ALFRED R. LINDESMITH
Bloomington, Indiana

[The writer, professor of sociology at Indiana University, is author of the article, How to Stop the Dope Traffic, which appeared in The Nation of April 21 and has provoked widespread interest. Mr. Lindesmith has written extensively on the narcotics problem, and his book, "Opiate Addiction," is one of the classics in the field.—The Editors.]

Memorial Day

Dear Sirs: For many years Decoration Day has been dedicated to the memory of soldiers killed in combat. For many years, devoted wives, mothers, women and children have decorated the thousands of graves throughout the country in honor of the ultimate sacrifice made by our soldiers in past wars.

This year, as the world is engaged in building stockpiles of weapons far deadlier than at any previous time in history, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom suggests that an even greater honor be paid to the memory of those men. We suggest that all women unite in a sincere and serious effort to end warfare. These countless thousands will not have died in vain, if as a result of their sacrifice women everywhere would pay their debt of gratitude by working together in a supreme effort to prevent war.

The issue is survival—for us and for the generations yet unborn. Let us dedicate this day in tribute to our honored dead; but let us dedicate our lives to working for a world where there are no wars, and where our children can live in peace.

MRS. JANET N. NEUMAN
Washington, D. C.

Opposite Sides?

Dear Sirs: I have a pretty good idea that historians of the future will laugh their heads off at the idea that the United States and the USSR were on opposite sides of a struggle for the world. I doubt whether any two so-called rivals in history ever travelled with such single-minded concentration in exactly the same direction. What could be sillier than to say that the Communists have no religion? They have a fine religion, the same one that we have—more and more of everything.

It would be more to the point to ask ourselves what is this civilization that we are in our way and the Communists in theirs are so busy making? Is it a sound one, a healthy one? If not, what should we do to change it?

But I guess the Great Struggle is a refreshing change from TV. And it sells a lot of papers. I wish I didn't find it so dull. JOHN C. HOLT II
Carbondale, Colo.

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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The News Is Peace

Gently but insistently an idea is beginning to permeate the national consciousness: that the outlook is for peace with Russia, not war—and for a long time to come. If the concept is winning acceptance slowly, it is because we have lived in the shadow of war for two decades and more—preparing for war, fighting a war, preparing for another war, fighting that war, and continuing to prepare for wars to come.

The notion that there will be no war with Russia for a long time, if ever, is overwhelmingly attractive to the common man; but a fear of the consequences of peace persists. Unquestionably the idea of peace carries staggering implications, including a total reorientation of American policy and severe economic adjustments. Because there are so many people who fear both, the idea will not sweep the country all at once. Its acceptance will be checked by bomb-brandishers and the manipulators of scare headlines; it will be furthered by a small but growing body of opinion and by favorable developments in the news. In short, its progress will be subject to reversals and defeats, but in the end it will prevail.

One can already hear the objections. The doubters will chorus, "You can't trust the Russians," as if in this the Russians are any different from the Germans, or the Japanese, or the Spanish. (The reader is herewith challenged to name twenty nations that can be "trusted" without question.) The doubters will say: "You can't live in a world half slave and half free," but they forget that what the West likes to call the "free world" is itself half-slave: what about Spain, the Dominican Republic, the Middle East? And Mr. Truman will repeat a dozen times more his charge that the Russians broke thirty agreements in twelve months without bothering to list the agreements or specify the violations. Mr. George Meany will continue to thunder united labor's defiance to those favoring peaceful negotiation. Mr. Dulles will repeat his threadbare formula, "deeds, not words," at least seventy-three more times without, of course, offering to match deed for deed. And we will be warned by assorted spokesmen and "thinkers" that we must hate communism—as if we didn't.

But all this will not scotch the idea of peace. An idea that has reached its time cannot be "barked" into silence.

The idea must ultimately prevail for a simple and basic reason. Most of us have been saying to ourselves, "Nuclear war is unthinkable"—while thinking of little else. But within the next year or so, what is now no more than a piously expressed sentiment will become an accepted maxim. When that happens, we will perforce take another look at our breakneck program for manufacturing arms which are obsolete before they are off the assembly line. We will begin to wonder whether our tremendous capacity to produce justifies the creation of waste in order to maintain the "boom." As the idea of peace grows, the chances of our coming up with some economic equivalent for military stockpiling will improve.

To give the idea of peace a chance, we might start by acknowledging a few simple truths: we don't want to fight with anybody, and no one really wants to fight with us. The problems which will be created by peace are as great, or greater, than those involved in preparing for war, and we are far less trained to grapple with them. But they can be solved.

In coming months, *The Nation* will examine the "frightening" prospect of peace—its economic consequences, its political and diplomatic consequences and the social dislocations which it will involve. As usual, *The Nation* will be a year or so ahead of the popular tide: but we may be less far in advance than we think. Peace is breaking out and the country had better prepare to accept it and make ready for the consequences.

Dividing the World

By Hugh B. Hester

FOR SOME time it has been obvious to close students of international relations that a fresh audit of our foreign policies is necessary. Among the many such re-evaluations recently presented there are two which offer striking contrast: the distinguished historian William A. Williams' article, Irony of Containment, published in *The Nation* of May 5, and Secretary Dulles' speech before the Supreme Lodge of B'nai B'rith in Washington, D. C., on May 8. Mr. Williams finds that the doctrine of containment as formulated by George F. Kennan in his famous "X" article *(Foreign Affairs,* July, 1947) and later adopted by President Truman, has in practice helped to strengthen Russia by reinforcing her ideological and nationalistic forces. Secretary Dulles, reporting on the same doctrine as observed in NATO, finds it to have been so successful that, he argues, NATO itself must now not only be continued but its functions greatly expanded.

In a singularly perceptive description of what has happened, historically, to the West, the Secretary said:

> While we can think with pride what Western civilization has accomplished, we must also think with regret of the fact that it has not yet found a way to live at peace within itself. . . . If it be the fact that Western

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civilization is today seriously challenged by the atheistic creed, it is largely because two World Wars coming in quick succession drained off the life blood of our finest and bravest youth and gravely impaired the economic strength of the West.

Had Western civilization "found a way to live at peace within itself" during the period 1871-1914, it is quite possible, as the Secretary suggests, that World Wars I and II might have been avoided. It is even arguable that the world might have enjoyed many additional generations of peace. For at that time power was centered entirely in the West—primarily in Great Britain and, after the Franco-Prussian War, in Germany—and it is an historical truism that whenever the centers of world power are found in cooperation instead of in conflict, peace prevails.

It does not follow, however, that peace will be achieved if NATO is extended and enlarged as suggested by the Secretary. Today the West no longer has a monopoly of the centers of power, and the solidifying of the Atlantic Community can no more assure peace now than German unification could assure it in 1871. This is true because the accumulation of power around any single power center is bound to stimulate a similar accumulation around some other power center. Such is the nature of the balance-of-power theory under which the world operates, and the motivations professed by one side or another have little if any relevance. Military pacts and alliances (except a world-encompassing pact such as the United Nations) divide the world squarely down the middle, whatever their proclaimed purposes—containment, exclusion, or defense.

Secretary Dulles is too close a student of history and international relations not to agree with Mr. Williams that cooperation restricted to the Western community alone, instead of extended to include the world community, is more likely to bring the sword than peace. Possibly, in the oblique language of the classical diplomat and with due regard for the needs of domestic politics, he was trying to say: "We must also think with regret of the fact that *the world* has not yet found the way to live at peace within itself." Let us hope President Eisenhower will again, as he has so often done in the past three years, clarify the sometimes confusing and somewhat bellicose statements of his Secretary of State.

Military pacts and blocs are apt to prove even more dangerous for world peace than the unfinished "Maginot Line" proved for French security in 1940. Since there is no alternative to peace, there can be no substitute for cooperation between the great centers of power. Military alliances around these centers promote conflict, not cooperation. And since there is no machinery for this cooperation except the United Nations, let's face up to this number-one world problem and build a United Nations adequate to twentieth-century needs.

HUGH B. HESTER, Brigadier-General, U. S. Army (Ret.), has written extensively on politico-military subjects.

TEXAS LIBERALS REVOLT

Johnson Pays the Price . . . *by Ronnie Dugger*

Austin, Texas

WHEN Lyndon Johnson, the national champion compromiser, returned to Texas late last year, his advance men billed him as the man who would bring together the fractious factions of the Democratic Party in Texas, just as he had done in the U. S. Senate. Either we grow tougher extremists down here, or Lyndon Johnson is slipping.

It was going pretty well for a time. The majority leader was visited at his ranch on the Pedernales River by Governor Allan Shivers, and together, with the consent of Speaker Sam Rayburn, they agreed to the selection of Lieutenant Governor Ben Ramsey, the Governor's chief legislative enforcer as president of the Texas Senate, as the new Texas Democratic committeeman. Liberals were displeased with Ramsey's silence in the 1952 Presidential campaign and his anti-labor record, but Johnson and Rayburn shoved him down their throats; gagging, while extensive, was well concealed.

Rayburn, essentially an old-line rural Democrat who enjoys, in the literal sense, the title, "the Squire of Bonham," has been angry with Shivers since he agreed to seat the Shivers delegation to the national convention in 1952, only to have Shivers return to Texas and carry the state for Eisenhower. One day this spring, after a solitary deliberation, Rayburn wrote out a statement and hand-carried it to the editorial offices of the Bonham *Favorite*. Johnson, he said, should be not only the Texas favorite son, but also the chairman of the 1956 delegation to Chicago, a post Shivers was counting on for face-saving purposes as he prepared to leave the Governor's Mansion and an administration that veterans' land, insurance, pseudo-banking and investment scandals had left in shambles.

JOHNSON did not relish an open fight with Shivers, but he was compensated when he was accepted as a serious national prospect almost overnight. He was endorsed by powerful Southern Senators, including Russell, Byrd and George, and by

RONNIE DUGGER is editor of the Texas Observer—*an independent liberal weekly.*

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others in the West. Then, as to this day, he insisted he was not seeking delegates from other states—but pundits are already counting 300 votes for him on the first ballot.

It never occurred to Rayburn or Johnson that anything might have changed in Texas politics to raise a question about their ability to carry on their political patriarchy. But things had changed.

One day in the summer of 1952 a lady walked into the Stevenson-Sparkman headquarters in Houston, the ugly, oily metropolis of the Texas Gulf Coast. Ed Ball, lawyer, idealist, canny political scientist, was at the desk. He had never seen her before. She put down a check for $1,000 and said: "I'm Frankie Randolph. What can I do to help?"

Mrs. R. D. Randolph was the youngest daughter of W. T. Carter, who had built a legendary lumber empire in Polk County, deep in East Texas. Her apolitical husband is the vice-president of the Texas National Bank in Houston. From that day forward Mrs. Randolph, now 62, has been the moral and material leader of the Harris County liberals. She became a full-time volunteer organizer, daily living by her code: "Work, not talk." Precinct by precinct, she and the Harris County Democrats gained control of the county's politics—gained it for a liberalism that espoused unsegregated meetings, integration of the schools, public housing and organized labor. In Texas they are called "liberal liberals," but outside the South they are simply Democrats.

As the convention drew nigh, it became clear that the anti-Johnson liberals led by Houston could not prevent Johnson from getting an unconditional pledge as Presidential candidate. Instead, they settled on the ouster of the Shivers-appointed State Democratic Executive Committee (which had presented to the nation the rare spectacle of the formal machinery of the Democratic Party in Texas endorsing and campaigning for the Republican nominee in 1952) and on Mrs. Randolph's election to the Democratic National Committee. The question was: how would the other cities go? The Johnson forces and the liberals had drawn enough total votes together to carry all of the major urban counties except Dallas, which was in contest.

It needs to be explained that Johnson, while moderate-to-liberal on most matters in the Senate, has powerful conservative backing in Texas, especially from the oil and gas industry, whose oil depletion allowance he has protected and whose natural-gas bill he and Speaker Rayburn almost passed. The supporters of Texas' junior Senator Price Daniel for the governorship which he is seeking this year boasted accurately that more than half of the 183 people Johnson appointed to his "Johnson for President" committee in Texas were also Daniel backers, in spite of the fact that Daniel bolted the Democratic nominees in 1952 along with Shivers.

As the delegates assembled in Dallas, Johnson passed the word that he was accepting Byron Skelton, a moderate, anti-Shivers loyalist, as the new national committeeman, but that Mrs. Randolph was utterly unacceptable and that he would support, instead, Mrs. Lloyd Bentsen, the wife of the former Congressman from the Texas Valley.

IT WAS at this point that Johnson learned he was not dealing with amateurs.

In jig time some liberals ran off 5,000 reproductions of three news articles, one of which quoted then-Congressman Bentsen as saying in 1952 that he would not vote for Adlai Stevenson for president. Ed Ball told an emergency Harris County caucus that it was the Bentsen family that was associated with Shivers in a celebrated Valley land transaction in which Shivers made a $425,000 land profit on a $25,000 investment he never actually advanced in cash. Bentsen denied the newspaper story on his Stevenson vote and averred that he and Mrs. Bentsen had always supported the nominees, although he conceded he had not been enthusiastic about Stevenson and did not actively support him. Even so, the "unsigned circulars," as Bentsen called them, affected the delegates' attitudes.

The day before the convention, Speaker Rayburn, in a statement he issued through John Connally, Johnson's chief convention aide (a lawyer now associated with Fort Worth oilman Sid Richardson), said he was unalterably opposed to replacing the Shivers-appointed executive committee. That night Johnson told a rally in the Adolphus Hotel the same thing—and reddened with anger when he was greeted with forty seconds of boos, catcalls and cries of "traitor!" and "throw 'em out!"

THE Johnson forces maintained that the committee should be dealt with by the September state convention growing out of the state election primaries, not the Presidential convention in May. Johnson defeated the liberals on the question of the executive committee, 1300 to 500, with the still-contested pro-Shivers Dallas delegation casting its 135 votes with him. Only Houston and Fort Worth, among the big-city delegations, voted against Lyndon. It was assumed on the floor that Mrs. Randolph was also done for, that Johnson would win the second of the two major issues of the convention as handily as the first.

Just what happened then has national implications, for if Johnson was, in fact, successfully challenged by the liberals of his own state on a clear issue involving his political leadership, as it strongly appears he was, his authority may be weakened at Chicago. From the daily press one could not divine with much accuracy who had won out. Announced the Wednesday morning Austin *American:* "Johnson Gets Honor, But Not Full Control." Announced the Wednesday afternoon Austin *Statesman,* a newspaper under the same management, with the same facts: "Favorite Son Lyndon Handed Full Control."

Throughout the day of the convention Johnson used all his power and prestige to persuade the big-city delegations to vote for Mrs. Bentsen. But industry has come to Texas, as it has or will to most serene and peaceful states. It is an old story that Senator Johnson is not popular with uncompromising liberals of the cities in Texas any more than he is with the same types in the North and East. But precinct-by-precinct organization in the major cities is working a political revolution here: the new factor in Texas politics is the new strength of its urban liberals. The city delegations at the Dallas convention defied Lyndon Johnson and elected Mrs. Randolph national committeewoman.

Traditionally, it would be unthinkable for the state convention to

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repudiate the leadership of its favorite son and by implication its party patriarch on such an important question. The Father Theory of politics has prevailed among Texas Democrats for some time, as was natural, it is supposed, as long as the state was predominately rural.

IT WAS a serious setback for Johnson at the Texas convention ostensibly under his control and dedicated to his greater power and glory. Better tactics might have headed off Mrs. Randolph, although Johnson and his lieutenants underestimated her popularity, just as they did not understand, or perhaps they did not respect, the urban changes that caused her ascendancy and the discontent with Johnson's liaison with Texas big business.

Mrs. Randolph, as committeewoman, and the few other liberals skeptical of Johnson whom he could not keep off the Texas delegation, may serve as a potential check against any intention he may have of emerging at Chicago as the leader of the Southern conservatives. If they proceed on the theory that the unit rule binds, not the voice, but the vote only, they could and might speak out against such interpretations of the Texas delegation's position.

Rayburn-Johnson control of the state Democrats may be affected. Rayburn may be moved to yield some of his traditionally paternal approach to state politics—to concede that the liberals in the state have a right to speakers of their own choice and to an independent voice in party affairs.

Mrs. Randolph is a steady person who does not lose sight of her immediate object or her ideals. When a reporter asked her whom she supported in 1952, she replied, "Stevenson." "Then you've always been a Rayburn-Johnson Democrat?" he asked cagily. "Yes, I'm a loyal Democrat," she replied. Was the defeat of the Houston resolution to urge the party of disloyal elements disappointing to her? he asked. "That was a disappointment, but after all, we maintained our integrity which was the main thing. . . . We had to keep faith with the people back at the precincts." That was a new voice in Texas politics. Lyndon Johnson had not stilled it, and "the people back at the precincts" will continue to multiply and be heard if the spread of industry and the march of the cities are not reversed in the we-can-do-anything State of Texas.

BONN'S "YOUNG TURKS"

Resurgence of Nationalism . . *by Terence Prittie*

Bonn

LAST YEAR the phrase most worrying to West German political leaders was "peaceful coexistence." Behind that phrase lurked the fear of a long-term Russian plan for crystallizing the present division of Germany as part of a continuing status quo in Central Europe. Today, fear of a phrase has been superseded by fear of a single word: *disarmament.* Germany's leaders have realized with a real shock of surprise that the Russians may not merely preach peaceful coexistence; they may make concessions to the West which could do two things—weaken the Western Alliance and at the same time induce it to leave Germany divided.

German anxiety was reflected on Chancellor Adenauer's face as he listened to the Aachen speech of Sir Winston Churchill on May 10. Sir Winston expounded on the possibility of the Soviet Union being accepted into a world security pact and spoke of "justifiable" Russian fears of aggression. The Chancellor was so perturbed by this "heresy" that he lost the place in his text three times during his answering speech and testily ordered away an importunate cameraman who came too close to him.

AND German fears were also registered two months ago when the Federal Minister of Economics, Professor Erhard, prophesied a major Russian trade drive in the underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa. The Russians are offering twenty-year credits at only 2 1/2 per cent, large-scale exchanges of trainees and technicians and the organization of a credit corporation in Moscow which will finance such projects as road-building in Afghanistan and the setting up of sugar, cement and vegetable-oil factories in Asian countries from Iran to Indonesia.

Dr. Mende, military expert of the Free Democratic Party (F. D. P.) told a Frankfurt audience on May 16 that the shift of Soviet policy was desperately dangerous for the Western world. Dr. Mende considered that the Russians were reducing their armed forces by 1,200,000 men for one reason only: to step up their industrial programs and compete on cut-throat terms with the Western countries in Asia and Africa. The reality of this Russian competition is no longer in doubt. In March and April two German trade delegations visited the underdeveloped countries of the Near and Far East and returned convinced that the Russians intend to pursue their political and economic ambitions in those areas. [The U. S. Department of Commerce reported from Washington last week that Soviet bloc exports rose 35 per cent last year, most of the increase being due to exports of manufactured goods to the less developed parts of Asia, Africa and South America.—THE EDITORS.]

A few days ago, Dr. Adenauer indicated his worries when talking to his own party, the Christian Democratic Union. He thought that the change in Russian tactics might disrupt the Western Alliance and would in any case slow down the already

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lagging build-up of NATO. The Chancellor said he was not impressed by the Russian withdrawal of the equivalent of two divisions from Eastern Germany; the French, he pointed out, have already withdrawn white troops from Germany and have left some units of their German garrison hopelessly undermanned. The Russian "gesture" did no more than correct a balance which had been freshly weighted against the West.

SEMI-SOVEREIGN, part-occupied and wholly distracted by the complexity of their problems, the Germans are least qualified to take a rational view of present world developments. They have been bitterly disappointed by the utter absence of results from the resumption of diplomatic relations between Bonn and Moscow; they are bewildered by the recent change of Russian tactics. Out of this disappointment and confusion three particular lines of thought are emerging, none of which will have a healthy influence on German thinking: disillusionment over NATO, distrust of Adenauer's policy of close attachment to the West and the beginnings of a belief in a "German policy for Germany's sake."

Disillusionment over NATO is widespread. It was well illustrated recently by an article in a weekly paper written by ex-General Rendulic, who discerned the following threats to NATO: the French failure to measure up to commitments in Europe; the unsettled state of Greece consequent on the troubles in Cyprus, and the demand of Iceland that NATO forces should be withdrawn. These three threats were tactical. More important, the author wrote, was that NATO forces in Germany had not yet been adapted to nuclear warfare, while the twenty-two Red Army divisions in Eastern Germany have been.

Worries over NATO were already acute over two months ago. On March 23, the *Bundesrat*—the upper house of the Federal Parliament—recommended a twelve-month instead of an eighteen-month term of national service for next year's conscripts. Why? Of course, defense costs played their part, but the main argument advanced was: why should Western Germany press ahead with rearmament when the Russians (and, by inference, the West) were contemplating reducing their conventional armed forces? On April 11, the security committee of the Social Democratic Party decided to oppose conscription altogether. No German, it declared, should be forced into uniform as long as Germany remained divided. No German should be obliged to fight against his fellow-countrymen.

Chancellor Adenauer

The Free Democrats, involved in internal schism and the long-deferred switch from liberalism to the most obvious form of nationalism, were quick to follow the Social Democratic example. At Stuttgart, Dr. Mende—in spite of his confessed fear of Soviet cunning—declared himself in favor of the military *détente* which the Russians are planning in Central Europe. His "plan," which was tacitly accepted at the F. D. P. congress at Wuerzburg last month, proposed the withdrawal of Soviet troops beyond the Oder and of Western troops behind the Rhine; the taking-over of German defense by a German Army; the signing of a five- or fifteen-power pact to guarantee Germany territorially; the exclusion of the two Germanies from both NATO and the Warsaw Pact.

Admittedly the Mende plan was intended to assist German reunification. Still, it took little account of Western policies. Mende has set his Free Democrats in a new line of thought. Small professional armies on both sides of the iron-curtain frontier which runs through the middle of Germany could be amalgamated after reunification; they could even encourage reunification by the threat implicit in their existence. Behind these professional armies—which will revive the glorious memories of German arms—will be "national militias" to be used for local defense only. Their role should suggest that no German any longer considers armed aggression as a quick way of settling arguments.

These thoughts, curiously, are exactly those put forward a year ago by the leading tactical expert of Herr Blank's Defense Ministry, Colonel von Bonin. The colonel, dismissed, gravitated into neutralist circles. He became the military expert of the professedly neutralist but actually pro-Russian weekly, the *Rheinisch-Westfaeli he Nachrichten*. Von Bonin was aiming at a short-cut towards reunification; Dr. Mende is doing exactly the same. That is why his plan is popular and will win votes for the F. D. P. at next year's federal election. The idea of professional armies will appeal to young Germans, among whom conscription is really unpopular.

Among West Germans, distrust of Adenauer's policies is at least as important as distrust of NATO. The Chancellor has not helped matters by making decisions on his own, by treating his "gray eminence," Herr Globke, as a privileged confidant and by failing to define aims at a time when the international situation has been changing rapidly.

ADENAUER'S foreign policy was founded on a simple thesis. The Western powers had to build up their strength in order to negotiate with the Soviet Union and Western Germany had to be integrated in Western Europe so that the rescue of the whole of Germany from the Communist orbit could be effected. The thesis was sound enough—but how were the operative steps to be timed? The emergence of a "new" Soviet policy in Central Europe made that question doubly important. The Russians were ready to liberalize administration in East Germany, but not to discard Ulbricht, their sworn servant. They were ready to slow down the military build-up, but not to disband the People's Police Force. They were ready to have East-West all-German talks, but not to forsake their puppet regime in East Berlin.

Adenauer had no answer to this Soviet policy. He simply reiterated that the West should continue to consolidate its forces in the hope

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that the Russians would then make concessions. This reiteration has been enough in the past; it will not be enough in the election year of 1957.

Knowledge of this has set the Free Democrats off on their own tack, based on a "German policy for Germany's sake." In Duesseldorf, the "Young Turks" of the F. D. P. ejected Arnold's successful provincial government. At Wuerzburg, they announced their intention of jettisoning their "liberal" party chairman, Dr. Dehler, next year. These "Young Turks"—all ex-members of the Hitler Youth and mostly ex-members of the Nazi Party and its élite organizations—want a direct German approach to Moscow in order to win German reunification, East-West all-German talks and the re-emergence of a "German role" as the arbiter of Europe's fate.

These young men are opportunists with a profound contempt for German liberalism. They are aware that Adenauer has run into difficulties and they know that the Social Democrats, who are preaching theoretical Marxism at a time when unfettered free enterprise seems to be working wonders, are hard put to increase their vote. They know, too, that the only floating vote in Western Germany is in the chronically unsatisfied middle class, which enjoys neither riches nor state aid. They believe that by using invective, ridicule and the "smear" technique they will increase their strength. They can lap up the ex-nationalist and ex-Nazi vote and can unite the forces of the right wing for the first time in post-war history.

THE "Young Turks" regard NATO as a means to an end—that of German reunification. They think of the Western powers as partners only in so far as they are useful. Last week one of their organs, the *Liberal Students Weekly*, wrote that West Germans would only carry out their commitments to the West in the same proportion as the West fulfilled its pledge to reunify Germany.

A new political situation is developing in Western Germany. Adenauer's infallibility is in doubt. This, as well as the internal revolution in the F. D. P., has made it possible for Social and Free Democrats to combine at federal level, which in turn means a period of increasingly fluid internal politics. The German economic boom is losing way; German exporters are faced with potentially savage Russian competition in some of their most valuable markets. German thoughts will turn again to the possibility of gaining economic benefit from contact with the Communist as well as the neutral East. Unless the German people speak with a clear voice next summer, the period of quiet and cooperative German consolidation under Adenauer is over. It remains to be seen whether what succeeds it will be as unhealthy as present signs suggest.

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

GOP Liberals Take Over . . . *by Gordon Harrison*

WHETHER President Eisenhower is re-elected or not, the next four years seem likely to test the extent to which the last four have developed a united and viable conservative party. In defeat, the Republicans would necessarily reopen the party schisms which political dependence on Ike has covered over. This would provide the clearest test of how solid have been the political conversions from reaction to moderation under the twin ministers of charm and responsibility. But even in office, whatever is merely politically expedient in the united front is going to wear thin once the November elections are over.

If the President were to serve out another term, he could quite possibly nominate his successor. He could be much less sure, however, of pointing the direction his successor is to take. Theodore Roosevelt handpicked Taft as the one man best fitted to continue the Roosevelt reforms and hold the party to them. Taft, in fact, presided over Republican dissolution and massive backsliding not because he wanted to but because the Roosevelt grace proved mostly illusion once the Roosevelt personality withdrew. The party as a whole had been convinced of nothing more apocalyptic than that T. R. by unprincipled witchcraft could win elections. There are valid parallels with the present. Eisenhower, too, is a leader primarily by force of personality—a manipulator of men rather than ideas. He, too, has sought harmony through compromise, proving adept not only at tempering his aims to political expediency but at conceding enough honor and prestige to the dissidents in his party to avoid injured feelings. He, too, has found his main strength in the ability to appear as a national leader.

Striking as these similarities are, however, the differences are probably far more significant. And the greatest is that Theodore Roosevelt came forward near the beginning of two revolutionary changes in the role of the federal government: the shift from economic policeman to economic manager, and the shift from guardian of a local utopia to a kind of universal pope of democracy. Dwight Eisenhower emerges, if not at the end of these revolutions, at least in their mop-up phase. It may be that the timing of his arrival is more important than anything else about him.

Eisenhower's first two years in office were virtually a political stalemate. Although it can be statistically shown that he got a much better percentage of his program passed by Congress than President Truman ever did, the program itself had

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already discounted opposition not only in watering down individual measures but more characteristically in balancing appeals to the liberal-internationalists and the reactionary-isolationists. Remaining economic controls were removed in 1953 but the following year the President reassured the people that the federal government was on top of a managed economy and asked Congress to go along. He cut federal spending, but first postponed and then considerably moderated the pressure for reducing taxes. He embraced extension of social security (a two-edged reform, anyway, since it included a concealed form of regressive taxation) but rejected "socialized medicine." He proposed a relaxation of immigration restrictions but accepted a bill that was to prove all but ineffective in admitting new Americans. He postponed for a year the liberalizing of trade and at last took what was after all only an extension of Democratic policy less bold than his own conservative study commission had suggested.

Outside the formal legislative program, backing and filling was still more eloquent of political appeasement. While the President closed out the Korean War and trimmed the army for peace, he prepared and advertised a new defense look purporting to make us stronger than ever. While he promised every effort for peace he voiced hopes of liberating the enslaved peoples and shook the free world with the doctrine of massive retaliation. He tolerated a security program patently subversive of individual rights while from time to time calling for review and hailing minor administrative modifications as major gains for justice. Finally, he permitted Senator McCarthy to disrupt the morale of the executive branch while acting like a reluctant observer of the anonymous sins of government who had no other duty than to avoid personal contamination.

AFTER McCarthy had hanged himself in the famous summer hearings and, in December of 1954, had at last won a qualified censure from the Senate, it was made to appear that the President had behaved most astutely in walking so serenely while looking neither to right nor left. But there is nothing to show that he expected such a conclusion or that he worked even indirectly to bring it about. In the light of his whole performance through 1954, and considering his personality and his record as a soldier diplomat, it is a safe bet that he hoped not for the defeat of his enemies but for reconciliation through kindness and a middle way so balanced and blurred as to leave no room for sharp controversy.

That certainly was the pattern of foreign policy to which the Administration directed its earliest and most original efforts. Massive retaliation was essentially a verbal device to meet international obligations in a way acceptable to the isolationists. In origin and intent primarily an Asian policy, it appealed to those who set their faces East in order the more firmly to turn their backs on Europe. As a reaction to the Korean War, it appeared as a departure from the hated Truman-Acheson policy. Focussed on air power rather than manpower, it recalled the Hoover-Taft dogma of "fortress America." It sounded satisfactorily tough to the foes of appeasement and satisfactorily simple to those who wanted no more complex goal in diplomacy than total victory over the forces of evil. But at the same time that Secretary Dulles was talking this new, "painless" instrument of peace he was, almost unnoticed, picking up old-fashioned treaty obligations to defend small nations whose difficulties could hardly be of a size or character to warrant nuclear war. He was also in almost constant motion globally to patch up alliances

Memorial Window: 1946-56 . . . *by Lincoln Kirstein*

By here, where once we came
  Along this selfsame road
Back to our base and field
Perennial pollens yield
  A rugged rusty fame.

Burdock, hard burr and rose,
  Sweet wildrose, dusty burr,
Thistle and aster wild,—
Past here, the waiting child
  Ambushed some noisy boys

To ask: Where are you bound?
  Where bound indeed: where, where?
They did not know, nor we
Who know more than they knew
  Have lost more than they found.

This chapel scarce a church
  They could ignore and did.
To them—old heap of stone,
Odd shelter for some bones
  Or pigeons on a perch.

Thin and unshadowed shone
  Poor panes of window-glass;
But color? No, nor glint
Of richness, gleam or tint.
  No texture and no tone.

Why should they stop to pray?
  They had their way to win
And flew far, headlong fast
Reckless and randy past
  Broad daylight and bright day.

All gone. Some gone for good.
  Some bad, some still alive
And those alive, with grace
Have not forgot this place:
  We've done the least we could.

We've stuck a window here:
  Pure color for clear flesh,
All penetrating fire
To glorify the choir
  Or sanctify our fear.

What are these colors fine
  That strain the sun, shine clean
In citron, rosy ice,
Mulberry paradise,
  Sharp wintergreen or wine?

Their fire is all our air
  That was our airman all.
Our window claims he's here
In warm translucent cheer
  And gilt, transparent hair.

Blond as the licking sun,
  Rosy for leather cheek,
Frank mirror-eye, and green
The candid earth and keen
  His fury in his fun.

Glass is sand, sun and lead
  Fixed in a shattered sheet.
All day our star is sight;
At sunset, shuttered night
  All dull, dust-shot and dead.

In four fierce sheaves of fire
  An elemental shock
Has compassed every air
Boxed cardinal to square
  Sky, ocean, flame and mire.

Fuse us our triune saint
  Who is boy, bomb and blast.
Brittle his every arm;
Tense still our hard alarm,
  Our strenuous complaint.

For glass, send us some sun,
  Blend blood and bone a hymn
To salve our doubled nerve
Preserving us to serve
  The wonder in a one.

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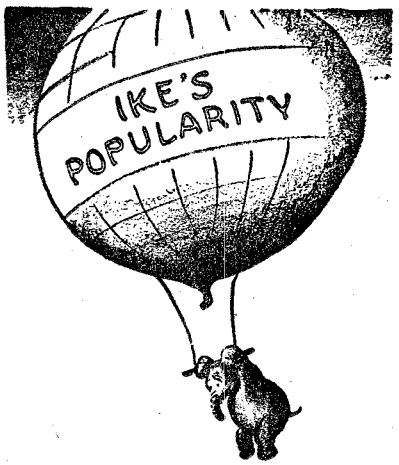

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Hanging on for Dear Life

which were fundamentally anathema to the Bricker Amendment crowd.

Logically the contradictions inherent in trying to please everybody could not possibly have succeeded. If they dulled the edge of current conflict or provided face-saving devices by which the semblance of harmony might be restored, in the long run they only put off the clash of opinion at the cost of so frustrating policy as almost to invite extremist revolt.

But history hasn't worked out logically. After the defeat of McCarthy, and of the Republicans in the mid-term elections, President Eisenhower discovered that he could work congenially with a moderate bipartisan coalition. He still had his personal roots of power intact; the party had lost it. The drag of the past eased. Supported by moderate Democrats who had no policy of their own, he could now practice moderation and preach it as Republican doctrine without fear of successful contradiction. Massive retaliation was quietly scrapped. So was liberation. The Administration sought a basis for accommodation with the Soviet Union, asked for increased foreign aid and closer trade ties with the rest of the world and even with Iron Curtain countries. At the same time it raised the defense budget and hinted at still higher sums for next year. While anticipating a treasury surplus, it took a firm stand against tax reduction and got surprisingly little argument. It talked more freely and frankly about the dangers of inflation and in a little over a year almost doubled the price of money. Government agencies slowly but steadily relaxed the more absurd rigors of the loyalty program.

The shift has not been dramatic and still leaves much to be desired in courage and imagination. What is striking, however, is that the President has gained so much freedom of action—a good deal more, in fact, than he is using. Whatever credit may be allowed to the Democratic Congress and to Ike's political skill, the lion's share certainly must go to the times. The right-wing opposition has bowed not to the soft word but to the inevitable which under pressure it discovered was not so bad as it looked from afar.

Most significantly for the future of the Republican Party and of American conservatism, the inevitable has been faced and swallowed by American business men. Acceptance of the New Deal was relatively easy. In fact, if not in speeches, the business community took that step long ago. What Eisenhower has done in this regard is only what any Republican Administration could not help doing: it let business see the economic realities of a twentieth-century managed economy from the other side. Responsibility did the rest. Acceptance of world citizenship was a lot harder but also a lot more important. It would be naive to pretend that business men have in mass and permanently gone over to an internationalist outlook. But several things have been happening to the business position and the business mind which together add up to something like a revolutionary change.

Business men, first of all, are also citizens who are scarcely more impervious than anyone else to the perils of our day. So far as they look steadily into the face of nuclear war, they are bound to wish to avoid it. And since the present government is in fact, and even more importantly in reputation, a business administration, they are, and feel they are, on the spot. Tied more closely than ever to government, the regulator and biggest single employer and customer, business is inevitably more sensitive to political points of view. As business men, furthermore, the most influential are representatives of large corporations, many of which have extensive foreign interests. In the last ten years they have become increasingly aware that the exploitation of foreign markets weighs more heavily in their self-interest than the suppression of foreign competition. Business men's associations in Middle Western cities, stronghold of isolationism and protectionism, have increasingly sponsored tours abroad for local industrialists. At the same time, industries suffering foreign competition have been discovering that technology can serve them better than tariff walls. Finally, business men in their own shops have been made aware in scores of ways that an exclusive devotion to profits is not even the best way to make the fattest profits. Some of the new social responsibility is unquestionably only public-relations deep, but even a pretense develops real expectations which corporations can ignore only at costs that the most hard-headed have to count.

NO ONE can be dogmatic about changes in group or class attitudes, but these seem both wide and enduring. The old distinction between the liberal business few, represented in the Committee on Economic Development and in Eastern-seaboard Republicanism, and the mossback many, rallying to the late Senator Taft, speaking most blatantly through the National Association of Manufacturers and most plausibly through the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, does not seem any longer to correspond to a real division in the business community. The chamber has recently taken on as its president one of the most intelligent and enlightened men of affairs in the country, John S. Coleman, president of the Burroughs Corporation, who says modestly and truly of himself that he has tried all his life never to so harden his opinion on any subject as to be proof against persuasion. Though men like Coleman are necessarily rare, it is significant that he now finds far more business men agreeing with his essential liberal and internationalist outlook than twenty or even five years ago. He finds, in fact, that the old-deal spluttering of F. D. R.'s economic

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royalists are so uncommon that at business gatherings they raise eyebrows rather than arguments.

If business men should turn out to be permanently committed by both self-interest and a sense of responsibility to a world view, these past four years may have laid the basis for a new American conservatism. Let the intellectual Right dream of importing the tradition of Burke or Metternich. Let the liberals argue that since Burke and Metternich obviously will not graft onto the American tradition, a true conservatism is impossible here. The fact is that we have always had one political party chiefly representing the politics of business. And the relevant practical question has been, and still is, not whether this can be labelled conservatism but what kind of politics it is and where it may take us. A business politics firmly grounded on acceptance of social and world responsibility would be new and might be constructively conservative even though not Burkean.

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"No, James, we're using the pickup this year"

What has hopelessly handicapped business in politics so far has been the parochial attitude of men who lived or thought they lived in a jungle of competitive individuals. Free enterprise long ago ceased to be an economic fact. If now the dominant business philosophy has begun to catch up with reality we may indeed be on the threshold of a new political departure. When business men generally see practical reasons for looking beyond the narrowest limits of stockholder interests, there is no telling what horizons they may glimpse. At least the ancient, sterile and phony war between business and government might end. Business might then discover rational techniques for conserving the institutions among which it flourishes.

This is, of course, a dream, as all forays into the future must be. It is a dream, furthermore, that—as liberals will be quick to observe—has nightmarish overtones of consolidated political and economic power. But it is not for prophecy, much less for exhortation, that political analysis is to be valued. The point is only that we should not surrender the possibility of effective political action through mistaking yesterday's debates for a description of today's conflicts.

1929 AND 1956

Some Deadly Parallels . . *by David Hamilton*

THAT HISTORY repeats itself is admittedly an invalid proposition. And yet there is much today that is remindful of the late 1920s. In 1929 Hoover came into office declaring "prosperity more extensive and peace more permanent"; today the Republican Party is getting ready for a new campaign based on the peace-prosperity slogan. In 1929 we had an Administration of, by and for the business man; we seem to have something similar now. In 1929 we had a President who pretended to be above party strife; we now have one who makes the same pretense. Except in respect to the torrid international situation, there is today the same complacency that there was when we were riding high on that 1929 "permanent plateau" of prosperity and peace.

Some would declare—and probably rightly—that these are superficial similarities. Less superficial are the economic comparisons that can be drawn. Today's stock-market boom is not as gaudy as that of the 1920s, but it is nevertheless a recognized boom. Consumer credit now, as then, is at a new high (certainly much of this is mortgage credit and, in its economic impact, on the order of rent; but a large amount consists of short-term credit on automobiles, television sets and household appliances). There is today a piling up of goods apparent in the automobile and appliance market; there was an analagous situation then. Farm income has begun to sag as it sagged throughout most of the 1920s. Corporate profits are again reaching new heights as they did in the autumn of the erstwhile "New Era."

Much has been written, of course, on the danger signals flapping in our current prosperity breeze. Are corporate profits too high? Are we being crushed under a mountain of consumer debt? What will be the result of the fall in farm income? Can the stock market achieve stability? Such probings by today's observers are in themselves remindful of the earlier period. Today as yesterday each economic symptom is treated separately. Yet if the contributions of J. M. Keynes and the careful studies of the Brookings Institute do nothing else, they should drive home the fallacy of analyzing these economic facts piecemeal. The real question is not whether consumer debts are too high, but what is the meaning of today's economic picture *as a whole* compared with that of the twenties.

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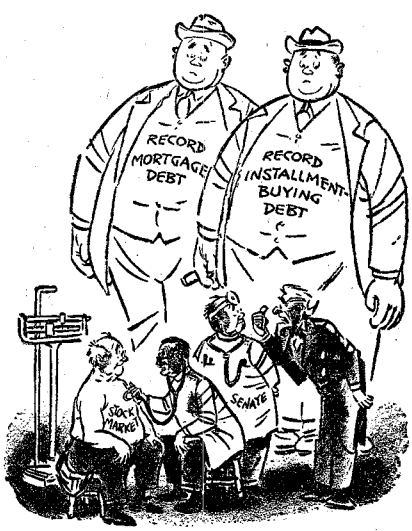
According to the Brookings Institute study of the economy from 1925-29, these phenomena (the market boom, rising consumer credits and corporations profits, falling farm income, etc.) were signs of a serious shift in income distribution. Those who saved were getting an increased percentage of the income; those who spent were getting a smaller percentage. Although everyone's income was rising, that of the rich was rising faster than that of the poor.

Today's similar symptoms indicate that another shift of income distribution has been taking place in recent years. Higher corporate profits represent a boost of income to larger income receivers. Despite employee stock-purchase plans and all the "widows and orphans" of whom big business claims to be the sole support, it is still essentially true that stockholders belong primarily to upper-income groups. Any boost in corporate profits and dividends does more to make the rich richer than it does to keep widows out of poorhouses.

The stock-market boom indicates that those who usually use surplus cash to buy securities are evidently in possession of more than their usual surplus. This means simply that the funds available for stock-market operations are increasing and are contributing to the boom in stocks. The rise in corporate profits and dividends and the stock-market boom seem to be linked.

Farmers are the lowest-paid group in the country. This is true notwithstanding the new Cadillacs in some ranch regions, notably Texas. Of course, farm income is supposedly supplemented by homespun and home-grown produce. But this is largely a myth. Any further reduction in average farm income with a rising or fixed gross national product can only mean a further shift of income from low to higher income earners. No matter which income group gets the additional amount, the total effect must be a fall in consumption outlay.



Herblock in Washington Post

"How about giving these guys a check-up too?"

THE FACT that consumer debt is rising is supposedly indicative of nothing more than the penchant of consumers to buy on the installment plan when credit is made easy. But this is an oversimplification of something that is untrue to begin with. Consumers do not buy on credit for the sake of keeping creditors fully employed. Nor are credit controls usually loosened at the clamor of irate consumers eager to increase their debt. Consumer installment-credit increases when merchants find it difficult to sell for cash. In other words, when the consumer has all he can handle with present income, there is a hue and cry from the trading community to ease up on credit so that the consumer can be helped to mortgage future income and help, in turn, to unload the merchandise which has been piling up. This is especially characteristic of the automobile industry, in which manufacturers customarily push new cars onto the dealers, who are then left to fend for themselves. Easy credit is a way of getting rid of surplus inventories. The economic significance of the notoriously high interest rates and service charges on consumer credit is frequently overlooked. These represent a further drain on consumer outlay and a shift of income from spenders to savers, since low-income groups resort to credit more frequently than those of high income.

There is additional evidence that a shift of income distribution is taking place. The recent clamor for tariff relief, coming at the same time that the trading community is attempting to increase exports, is indicative of difficulties in the domestic market. The business community is seeking precisely that kind of relief which, when sought by other nationals, is called "dumping."

State tax structures, taken as a whole, have always been regressive and since World War II have become alarmingly worse. State legislatures are especially amenable to the blandishments of business men who inveigh against "dis-incentive" and "soak-the-rich" taxation. The result has been an increase in "soak-the-poor" taxation, notably in the form of sales taxes. Other new forms of state taxation have been developed with the same general effect as the sales tax. An example has been the spate of turnpike-building, particularly in the East, financed by tolls. The toll charge for the Cadillac on its way up from Miami is the same as that for the ten-year-old Ford bearing the migratory worker to the truck gardens of New Jersey.

At one time the federal tax structure counter-balanced the deflationary state systems, but in the last decade the federal structure has not increased in progressiveness while the state structures have become increasingly regressive. The effect has been further to reduce consumption.

There have been some noticeable shifts of income in specific professions. The medical profession has been making seven-league financial strides with the help of the recent startling innovations in medicine. The evidence is found in a real increase of over 80 per cent in doctors' incomes between 1940-54; at the same time teachers, a lower-income group, have had a real income decline of 5 per cent (source: a McGraw-Hill study published in the *Illinois Alumni News*, March, 1955). It is no wonder that some of the heaviest buyers of stocks, bonds and real estate in the last decade have been physicians.

NONE OF these economic signs alone can be taken as indicating we are on the brink of a crash. But it is clear that the "peace-prosperity" glow of the Eisenhower-business Administration is certainly far from warranted. We are evidently following an economic course almost identical to that followed in the 1920s—and all the same warnings are sounding. Because the only means of avoiding such a catastrophe are anathema to the business community, there is little to hope from a business Administration. Secretary Humphrey, determined to balance the budget in order to win an

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election, seems to be scuttling the life-boats.

Perhaps the Economic Report of the President will this year take some cognizance of the over-all pattern, but that is to be doubted. The chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, which is largely responsible for this report, is Arthur Burns, a rather severe critic of both Keynes and the older Brookings studies. In fact, the present council seems to rely largely on piecemeal analysis instead of the total-picture analysis called for by modern economics and the disturbing nature of current nationwide economic trends.

Although depressions are no longer considered inevitable by most economists, the big-business community and business-managed governments seem bent on perpetuating those policies which are very likely to bring one on.

THE GALINDEZ MYSTERY

A Foe of Trujillo Vanishes . . *by Fred J. Cooke*

DR. JESUS DE GALINDEZ, Basque scholar and lecturer at Columbia University, foe of dictators, vanished the night of March 12, 1956, posing for American authorities one of the most haunting mysteries of our time, a riddle pervaded by the cloak-and-dagger aura of international intrigue. Dr. Galindez created a sensation while performing one of the most commonplace of acts. He walked into a New York subway kiosk—and disappeared without trace. He left behind him the elements of international controversy and the literary work of a lifetime—a massive, documented, 670-page study of modern dictatorship entitled *The Era of Trujillo.*

More than two months of diligent investigation have barely served to lift the veil on the last episodes in the life of the dedicated scholar who, in his youth, was a Spanish Republican fighting the rule of Generalissimo Francisco Franco and who, in maturity, became the bitter foe of another Generalissimo—Rafael L. Trujillo Molina, the dictator of the Dominican Republic.

Dominican officials have vehemently denied any responsibility for the disappearance of Dr. Galindez, but the clues uncovered by the New York police spotlight the vanished scholar's activities as a foe of the Trujillo regime.

Before he disappeared, Dr. Galindez had prepared a speech, entitled Our Stake in Latin American Democracy, which he was to have delivered April 7 at the Carnegie International Center under the auspices of the Inter-American Association for Democracy and Freedom. The address was a capsule version of his book-length manuscript on Trujillo, which is now being published in Spanish in Chile.

IN THE SPEECH, which was delivered by Norman Thomas in the absence of the author, Dr. Galindez told of his first awareness that the world contained a man named Trujillo. This occurred in 1939 at the Dominican Consulate in Bordeaux, where Dr. Galindez, a fugitive from Franco, was seeking admission to the Dominican Republic. "We were waiting in line to have our passports visaed in a room dominated by the portrait of an imposing personality wearing a white-plumed hat," he wrote. "One of my friends asked the consul if this was his president. The consul replied strangely, 'No, this is not the president; this is the Benefactor.' "

Dr. Galindez subsequently spent six years in the Dominican Republic and learned, as he himself said, "the mystery of this Benefactor." He wrote:

> In the Dominican Republic of Benefactor Trujillo there are elections. According to the official report, at the last election of 1954, 100 per cent of the voters cast their votes for every candidate from the President of the Republic to the last little office-holder, including all the senators and representatives. But Trujillo, their Chief and Benefactor, makes the elected officers sign a resignation in advance. Afterwards, from time to time, all he has to do is to put in the date in which he would like to get rid of them.
>
> There are legislators who are told of their resignation when they arrive at the House of Representatives. . . . Even worse is the case of one Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, in the presence of the chief of a Foreign European Mission, having asked his protocol chief why the sirens outside were blowing, was informed, "Your resignation has just been accepted."

Dr. Galindez traced Trujillo's rise to power from the time in 1924 when rebellion broke out in the north of the island. Trujillo headed the army sent to crush the rebels, but was "unable to find them." The rebels, unopposed, seized the capital, and then Trujillo joined them. By 1930, he had eliminated all competitors for power and had inaugurated "The Era of Trujillo."

"The enemies of Trujillo are accustomed to speak of his reign of terror; certainly the cases they mention are true and I have had occasion to know some of the recent victims," Dr. Galindez wrote in what seems an almost prophetic line. He continued:

> But [Trujillo's] most powerful weapon of submission is hunger. Nothing can be done in the Dominican Republic without demonstrating not only that one is not an enemy of the government but a proven follower. Every official paper, including the passport, import permits, etc., has a line in which one must fill in the number and date of his affiliation in the Trujillo Party.

Symbolic of Trujillo's iron-clad rule, Dr. Galindez wrote, is the manner in which everything bears his

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FRED J. COOKE, an occasional contributor to The Nation, *covered the Galindez story as a reporter for the New York* World Telegram.

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name. The capital, originally named after Columbus, is now Ciudad Trujillo in Trujillo Province, "adjacent to the Province Trujillo Valdes (after papa). There are other Provinces named Province Benefactor, San Rafael. The highest mountain is now called Trujillo Peak. . . . However, for me, the best of all remains the sign which I saw above the lunatic asylum in Nigua reading 'We Owe Everything to Trujillo.'"

The megalomaniac who has imposed his name on lunatic asylums and mountain peaks has laid careful plans for the perpetuation of his dynasty, Dr. Galindez found. "The last months have indicated clearly that Trujillo is thinking of the dynastic succession of his son 'Ramfis' —whom he made a colonel at five years of age, a general at nine and a major-general and chief of staff of aviation at twenty-four," Dr. Galindez wrote. He added that Trujillo has seated his brother in the Presidency and has crowned his own daughter as Queen Angelita I. Pictures in the New York press, distributed in connection with the current lavish Dominican fair and exposition glorifying the regime of Trujillo [see *The Nation,* January 14, 1956] show Queen Angelita garbed in an $80,000 gown and wearing a $125,000 crown.

THE one-family political party, the one-family state has been maintained, Dr. Galindez charged, by a twenty-five-year series of assassinations stretching over international boundaries and designed to eliminate all foes. In his book, as in his speech, Dr. Galindez cites the 1935 murder in New York of Sergio Bencosme—a crime for which Luis de la Fuente Rubirosa, a Dominican consular official and cousin of Porfirio Rubirosa, than a son-in-law of Trujillo and subsequently the international lover boy, was indicted. Before the indictment was returned however, Luis had returned to the Dominican Republic where, New York police were informed, he had the misfortune to meet with a fatal accident.

Then there was the 1952 New York murder of Andres Requena, publisher of an anti-Trujillo Spanish-language newspaper. Despite his enmity to Trujillo, Requena had been dealing with Dominican agents in the hope of bringing his mother

Generallisimo Trujillo

to New York. Trujillo agents were suspected of his murder, but Requena's dealings on both sides of the political fence made it seem equally possible that he could have been killed by friend or foe.

Other cases cited by Dr. Galindez were the assassination of Virgilio Martinez Reyna after the 1930 elections; the disappearance of Mauricio Baez in Havana in 1950, and the murder in Havana last August of Manuel de Jesus Hernandez. All "by their blood condemn this tyrant Trujillo, whose agents do not hesitate to commit their political crimes on foreign soil," Dr. Galindez wrote before he himself joined the legion of vanished men.

In the wake of Dr. Galindez' disappearance, New York police found in his apartment a note, dated October 4, 1952, in which he advised that, if anything ever happened to him, police should seek out his enemies in the Dominican Republic. Detectives were intrigued, too, by the fact that a Dominican freighter, in port at the time of Dr. Galindez' disappearance, put out to sea for five hours, then returned. Shipping-line officials explained that the vessel had had engine trouble and had had to put back for repairs. And there the mystery rests.

Dominican Consul General Aeturo R. Espaillat in New York, in an official statement, denied emphatically that his government was implicated in the Galindez case and suggested that Dr. Galindez had "disappeared of his own volition or was done away with by somebody within his own group." He implied that the furore over Dr. Galindez' disappearance was Communist-inspired propaganda and emphasized that "Generalissimo Trujillo is a well-known and effective enemy of communism and a staunch and unwavering friend of the United States, with whom we have mutual assistance defense pacts, and at present [are] cooperating in the all-important guided-missiles program."

Washington has been noticeably reticent in the controversy. President Eisenhower, himself a former president of Columbia University where Dr. Galindez lectured, was asked about the case at a press conference more than a month after Dr. Galindez' disappearance. The President said he wasn't acquainted with the case and anyway the Justice Department would have no jurisdiction over agents in the Dominican Republic. It was then pointed out to him that the disappearance of Dr. Galindez off the streets of New York was an American, and definitely not a Dominican, mystery.

More recently the charges leveled by Dr. Galindez at the Trujillo regime in his last speech have been given new life by the action of that other Caribbean strong man, Batista, ruler of Cuba, in expelling the Dominican Ambassador on May 15. Cuban officials, in taking the action, charged that Dominican spies had killed a number of refugees from Trujillo who had sought sanctuary in Cuba.

IN THE final analysis, perhaps the definitive word on Dr. Galindez was spoken by Norman Thomas. After delivering the speech that the Basque scholar could not make in person, the veteran Socialist leader took cognizance of Trujillo charges that Dr. Galindez had been Communist-inspired. He said:

> I knew him for many years. He was anti-Communist, a Spaniard and a Roman Catholic, a man of learning, of integrity, of devotion to freedom and to truth. It is a disgrace to us of the 'free world' that in our greatest city he could not be safe. Moreover, Trujillo's apparent popularity in Washington, including his ability to obtain the services of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., as lawyer-lobbyist, ought to constrain us to sober thinking about the leadership of our United States in the supposedly 'free world,' the Western Hemisphere.

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Against the Tide of Euphoria

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE. By Nelson Algren. Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy. $4.50.
A SINGLE PEBBLE. By John Hersey. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
NUNI. By John Howard Griffin. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

By Maxwell Geismar

THE REAL QUESTION for the novelist of this period is how to escape from the balm of moderation and the bane of normalcy. Perched as we are on the edge of the crater, it is only natural for the rest of us to close our eyes and pray—or to cling to whatever is banal and trite, customary and reassuring. Popular novelists, as well as politicians, have sensed this mood, and catered to the euphoria that masks our anxiety. The three writers above have chosen another way to handle this situation, and they have turned out three good novels.

This in itself is something to celebrate nowadays; and perhaps Nelson Algren's book seems so refreshing just because our other big-name writers have turned so sour. Algren has had his popular success with *The Man with the Golden Arm,* but instead of following the stars to Broadway and Hollywood, he has in effect joined Henry Miller at the bottom of the pile. *A Walk on the Wild Side* is a loose-jointed picaresque of the New Orleans underworld during the years of the depression. It is an ironical parody of the American success story, then and now. And appropriately, the tone of the book is no longer that of Marxist morality, which Algren shared with other writers in the 1930s, but often of ludicrous and demented farce.

If you get far enough under the norms of society, probably all morality is a farce. But unlike the "pinnacle of success," which is so difficult to sit on, there is room for everybody down there, so Algren argues: there is time to live, to breathe and to laugh. Rather like Henry Miller, too, he is weak on such standard fixtures of the novel as human personality, or normal human relationships, or even a story line. But perhaps such things also don't matter in the sporting house on Perdido Street where the "hero" makes a living by displaying his sexual prowess. The book is filled with brilliant little profiles of very dubious characters indeed, with comic interludes of a Rabelaisian hilarity, with a deliberate sensationalism that is also a take-off on our notions of romantic love, and with passages of inimitable dialogue.

ALGREN'S danger is that his "inspiration"—exuberant, wild, outrageous as it is—sometimes runs away with him; sometimes the book seems to be only inspiration. John Hersey's craft is almost the exact opposite of this. He is a highly conscious writer of sensibility who measures each word and weighs every effect. I do not think *The Wall*—where he ventured out of his tradition and his own medium—was a "failure of the naturalistic method" or any of that nonsense. But it is true that both in *The Marmot Drive* and *A Single Pebble,* his writing is more effective. The earlier book was a cold-blooded parable of American fear and prejudice; the new one is a delicate fable of an American engineer who takes a trip up the Yangtze River in a Chinese junk during the early twenties. I mean the fable *seems* delicate; it is also dramatic and intense: a haunting parable of East and West that may be the best work that Hersey has done.

The hero has planned to set up a dam on the great river. When he is through with the river people he meets on the voyage, he is not so sure; and meanwhile in the portraits of the ship's owner, his young wife, the head tracker, the cook, we are confronted with the values of an ancient culture that may survive—or transform—even the impact of science and technology. Both Hersey and Algren are really suggesting that there are other and perhaps better ways to live than either the official American way or the Russian way in the middle of the twentieth century. If our national euphoria is blind, it need not for that reason be sanctimonious.

THE ODD THING about the third of these novelists, the young Texas writer John Howard Griffin, is that his work hardly seems to have been written in the United States at all. He has avoided all the pressures of conformity by simply not noticing them. Like Algren and Hersey, he has by-passed all the deadening restraints in the present phase of our "free society." His first novel, *The Devil Rides Outside,* although published in Texas and given very little notice by the press, is probably the most original novel by a new writer in the last four or five years; it is still very much worth reading. The present tale, *Nuni,* is closer to a novelette—or a brilliant kind of nightmare that is horrifying, absorbing and ironic.

The hero, a respectable academic figure, is dropped by an air crash into the midst of a primitive Pacific tribe whose mode of life outdoes the worst of Jack London's south-sea savages. The problem is how a man can retain his humanity in the lowest human circumstances; which are described with humor and even with a kind of lingering tenderness. Technically the story is superb, since Griffin also discards other conventional props of the novel, such as women, sex, love, and yet maintains an immense narrative interest. The climax is a little heavy, but the story as a whole makes us uneasy and alert.

Bird Song

in this indifference
is the universe

the bird song
brings on the sun
or the dawn like a Roman triumph
brings on
the song

HAROLD DICKER

MAXWELL GEISMAR is the author most recently of Rebels and Ancestors: The American Novel 1890-1915, *and a contributing editor to* The Nation.

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The Circular Pursuit

SURPRISED BY JOY. By C. S. Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

By May Swenson

CLIVE STAPLES LEWIS, author of eighteen books advocating Christianity, called the "Apostle to Skeptics" by Chad Walsh in his book of that name, now puts before us a volume illuminating the early part of his life. The widest beam, of course, is turned upon his spiritual adventures. His long drawn out and intricate conversion is fascinating because of his intellect and charm, plus the story-telling dexterity of a topnotch mystery writer.

As to autobiography, Lewis describes his upbringing in Belfast, Ireland, takes us through the "concentration camp" of an English boarding school with its insanely sadistic master, through prep school and thence to Wyvern College with its fagging system and its "house tarts"—these being "pretty and effeminate-looking boys acting as catamites to the seniors, usually 'bloods' "—meaning snobs. Lewis assures us "the vice in question was one to which I was never tempted; which indeed I still find opaque to the imagination." He gives a chapter to his army career, his being wounded at twenty in World War I, stating that the war was an episode unimportant to his life. Where "worldly progress" is concerned, the book culminates with his appointment as Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he went on to teach for twenty-five years. He now, at fifty-nine, occupies the Chair of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Cambridge.

But it is not the flesh of events that is the real subject of his book. The plot, the game, the chase—Lewis employs all these metaphors—is his pursuit of Joy. The term is a technical one, he says, to be "sharply distinguished both from Happiness and Pleasure. . . . Its quality is that of an unsatisfied desire which is itself more desirable than any other satisfaction." Various solitary researches were undertaken and abandoned to track down its source: Wagner's music. Yeats's poetry and philosophy, dips into spiritualism, the occult and magic. Coleridge, Bergson, William Morris, G. K. Chesterton, even H. G. Wells contained, Lewis found, inklings of this source. He found its traces in close companionship with his brother as a child, in intense friendships with his tutors and others—never, however, unless deliberately left out, in a frank love relationship.

Indeed, something is left out—if this is an autobiography, which it declares itself to be. Despite Lewis' prefaced apology for omitting "irrelevant" portions of his life, we cannot help but feel it is an evasion. This because, during portrayal of his atheistic period beginning at the age of fifteen, Lewis drops tantalizing hints about his sensuality, but keeps the curtain closed on any example. Then, he indicates that, once recognizing "the source from which those arrows of Joy had been shot at me ever since childhood" his absorption was such that carnal drives found no entry, at the same time maintaining that his religious search was "no disguise of sexual desire." We might reasonably expect Mr. Lewis to explain what his experiences "of the flesh" had, or had not, been, so that we could see for ourselves that the spiritual arrows were not a substitute for those of Eros.

WHILE Joy was the thing pursued, something else, to which Lewis the agnostic refers as "My Adversary," was pursuing *him:* "You must picture me, alone, in that room in Magdalen night after night, feeling, whenever my mind lifted even for a second from my work, the steady, unrelenting approach of Him whom I so earnestly desired not to meet. . . ." And, at the age of thirty-one: "In the Trinity Term of 1929 I gave in, and admitted that God was God, and knelt and prayed: perhaps, that night, the most dejected and reluctant convert in England. . . . [but] the hardness of God is kinder than the softness of men, and His compulsion is our liberation."

This reader felt, in the end, as if she had been led an ingenious route out and around and up the rainbow, to be finally let down in the old backyard. The pot of gold, when produced, turned out to be empty—empty, that is, of Joy. Lewis' real quarry, the skeptic, may feel duped when in the last chapter the very concept which has enchanted him in the book, which the author has convinced us was his own great lure throughout this section of his life, is repudiated with the words: "But what, in conclusion, of Joy? To tell you the truth, the subject has lost nearly all interest for me since I became a Christian. . . . I now know that the experience, considered as a state of my own mind, had never had the kind of importance I once

MAY SWENSON, author of a book of poems, Another Animal, *was awarded a Rockefeller Writing Fellowship in 1955.*

Man of My Time

(from the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)

Sei ancora quello della pietra e della fionda;
uomo del mio tempo. . . .

You are still the man of the sling and the stone,
man of my time. You were in the screaming plane
with the malignant wings, meridians of death,—
I saw you. In the war-carts of flame, at the gallows-tree,
at the torture rack—I saw you. It was you
with your science assigned to destruction,
without love, without Christ. You have killed again and again
as forever you killed, as your fathers killed,
as the beasts that gazed on you in the beginning killed.
And this blood smells as it did the day
the brother said to the other brother:
"Let's go in the fields." And that cold and gripping echo
reached you, reached you in the span of your day.
Forget, O sons, the clouds of blood
risen from the earth, forget your fathers:
their tombs fold, fold into ashes.
Black birds and the wind cover their hearts.

HAROLD ENRICO

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gave it. It was valuable only as a pointer to something other and outer." Others will feel, of course, that he has triumphantly won his point: the finding of the empty pot is the precursor to recognition of the real Grail. But these are not the readers Lewis has set out to address.

The King Danced With Her

LETTERS FROM MADAME LA MARQUISE DE SEVIGNE. Selected, Translated and Introduced by Violet Hammersley. Harcourt, Brace. $6.75.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

LOUIS XIV tipped his hat to all women including the serving maids, but he massacred without compunction any of his humbler subjects who showed signs of dissatisfaction. Somehow or other the upper classes at least were hypnotised (the word is Harold Nicholson's) into accepting what all this suggests as a reasonable way of life based on a reasonable set of values. And no one fell more completely under his spell than the author of the most famous letters in the French or, perhaps, in any other language. Madame de Sévigné contemplated her great king with as much rapture as she read Pascal and though she never quite makes it clear how this could be possible she communicates incomparably the atmosphere of one of the queerest civilizations that ever existed.

The letters were written in the full realization that many of them would be read aloud to a charmed circle and their art is to conceal the art with which she seems to rattle on, mingling gossip, wit and sensibility with the steady outpouring of her affection for her cold, gambler-spendthrift of a daughter. That the king once danced with her and on another occasion talked for a few moments was at least as important as the fact that she was intimate with La Rochefoucault or that Corneille and La Fontaine might read new works aloud to her at the salon of her friend Madame de La Fayette—but this was important too. "I have this moment received the sad news of our poor little Marquis' illness. . . . I shall have no rest until I hear that he is improving. How greatly I pity you and M. de Grignan!" But also: "They've taken sixty bourgeois; they'll begin to hang them tomorrow. This province is a good example to others; above all it will lead them to respect their governors, not to abuse them and not to throw stones in their garden." The present volume is a substantial selection newly and very readably translated.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is the author of Samuel Johnson, Henry David Thoreau, The Measure of Man *and many other books.*

RAKE and GENIUS

THE NEW WORLD OF HENRI SAINT-SIMON. By Frank E. Manuel. Harvard University Press. $7.50.

By Albert Guerard

HENRI DE SAINT-SIMON (1760-1825), descendant of Charlemagne, soldier, profiteer, rake, pauper, mental wreck, prophet; by some Binet-Terman tests a moron; by others a genius. Could never write a book: only pamphlets, letters, periodicals of unpredictable periodicity. After his death, his disciples founded the wildest "Church" in the wild Romantic era; and under Napoleon III ("Saint-Simon on horseback") turned into far-sighted, generous, practical businessmen. Our Captains of Industry (the term is his) at their best are Saint-Simonians without knowing it.

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Frank E. Manuel is exactly the reverse of Saint-Simon: a scrupulous scholar and a realist. But he is too good a scholar to sneer at a power

ALBERT GUERARD is professor emeritus of comparative literature at Stanford University.

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of a different order; he seeks to understand; and there can be no understanding without some degree of sympathy. A difficult and fascinating subject, handled with spirit, thoroughness and restraint.

Music

B. H. Haggin

AT THE Ballet Theatre's recent New York engagement one important new feature was the performances of Rosella Hightower and Erik Bruhn in the roles that used to be danced by Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch. Bruhn, executing his leaps and turns with disciplined elegance and noble style, was in every instance a satisfying and impressive replacement; Hightower's normal operation was an exuberant virtuosity punctuated by grand-ballerina-style poses, instead of the sustained continuity in plastic movement in which such poses are moments of emphasis and climax. Moreover, in the second act of *Giselle* the configurations of head, arms, torso and legs in the poses didn't always look right; and surprisingly enough there was a lack of the kind of projective force that would have made Giselle's exhibition dance in the first act the exciting thing it should be. The most effective dancing by Hightower that I saw was in the *Nutcracker pas de deux,* with its large-scale spectacular effects, and on the other hand in Balanchine's *Theme and Variations,* where she was held to the tightly continuous Balanchine invention. I will add that in one performance of *Theme and Variations* Lupe Serrano's more clearly and coherently outlined dancing was even more effective; and an important thing to report about this most distinguished piece in the Ballet Theatre repertory (the only Balanchine piece in that repertory) is that it was danced by the corps with restored precision, clarity and animation.

The restoration of the Tudor repertory, begun a year ago with the return of Nora Kaye and Hugh Laing to the company, continued with revivals of *Dim Lustre* and *Undertow,* which I didn't see. But I can report that in *Romeo and Juliet* Kaye's lightness and quickness in the darting movements of the early scenes, her lyrical lifts in the bedroom and vault scenes, her dramatic projection throughout added up to a completely and beautifully achieved performance, and that Laing's greater security in the sustained balances and slow turns of his role contributed to a much more effective performance of the work than last year's. Tudor's invention for the two leading characters is what I find imaginatively distinguished and interesting to see repeatedly in this piece—not those many details so ingeniously contrived for their pantomimic significance.

The restoration of the de Mille repertory continued with a revival of *Tally-Ho,* which may be unconvincing in story line and a little long and repetitious but contains much that is amusing in the de Mille manner. John Kriza and Muriel Bentley were as funny as ever in their old roles; and Sono Osato, in a guest appearance as the Wife, was charming. In addition *Thee Virgins and a Devil* was highly enjoyable as danced by de Mille herself, Lucia Chase, Barbara Lloyd and Enrique Martinez; but I continue to wish Kriza would not exaggerate the jauntiness of the Youth's saunter, which used to be done with such effective economy by Jerome Robbins.

DE MILLE also contributed one of the two new ballets, *Rib of Eve,* described as a morality play, which tells about a woman who alternates between her craving for the shallow involvements with the crowds of people who invade her home at her parties, and her revulsions against them, and who in the process exhausts the patience of the husband whose love isn't enough for her. The telling is done in choreographic terms which include some enjoyable dancing by large groups, a lovely *pas de deux* of the wife and husband, some amusing details in one of their arguments. The Hostess is a role tailored for Kaye, which she acted and danced effectively; and James Mitchell gave an engaging performance as the Husband. Noisy music by Morton Gould; efficient scenic constructions by Oliver Smith; striking costumes by Irene Sharaff.

On the other hand Kaye was miscast as the captivating Operetta Star in the other new ballet, Tudor's *Offenbach in the Underworld,* the feebleness of which extended even to his choice of music, but not to René Bouché's set and Ruth Ann Koesun's dancing as the Debutante. (And though I didn't see Kaye in *Giselle* one perceptive and reliable spectator informed me that her first-act Giselle suggested some of the characteristics of her role in *The Cage*—which is certainly a remarkable achievement by "the foremost actress-dancer of our day," but one I am content not to have seen.)

Harold Lang's sockeroo First Junior Cadet was the worst feature of a brassy *Graduation Ball,* with Koesun working a little too hard as the First Junior Girl, and Susan Borree and Marlene Rizzo not justifying the stage excitement over the "Competition," but with Scott Douglas an excellent Drummer, and Serrano and Michael Lland elegant in the "Pas de deux." Among other older works that I saw, *Billy the Kid* and *Fancy Free,* two of the best, again exhibited little changes that call for a cleaning up of the pieces by their choreographers. In these, and in the remarkable *Caprichos,* Kriza, though not entirely secure in some of his dancing, revealed himself to be still one of the company's outstanding performers. It is worthy of note that *Caprichos* was given only once; and I will mention as a commentary on the ballet audience and its manners that sitting on the wrong side of the aisle I had the first two of the four scenes cut off from view by the solid procession of people returning late from the Sherry bar.

Coming Soon

The Mandarins

by Simone de Beauvoir

reviewed by Iris Murdoch

A Discord of Trumpets

by Claud Cockburn

reviewed by Kingsley Amis

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London

I HAD NOT thought of writing a London "letter," because the more interesting plays now running—among them Anouilh's *The Waltz of the Toreadors*—will probably be presented in New York eventually, and more especially because I have frequently expressed my general views on the English stage.

Seeing Enid Bagnold's *The Chalk Garden* again in a production which is neither better nor worse than the one in New York but different—and chiefly remarkable, I think, for Peggy Ashcroft's striking performance—has changed my mind. The circumstances of the play's London production and the very nature of its material seem significant to me.

The Chalk Garden is a parable of England today. The old genteel tradition, represented variously by the play's central character and her invisible and moribund butler named Pinkbell, can no longer produce any viable flowers because its soil has turned to chalk. At the end of the play, it is suggested that the mistress of the house whose garden is her chief concern may be able to grow some of the flowers she cherishes with the aid of the outcast who has come into the house as an attendant-nurse or servant. This strange woman, who represents the romantic impulse, the accidental and wayward in life, what at any rate is unaccounted for by ritualistic and rational codes, believes that the garden may still be rendered fertile through patience, care, imagination and still uncharted methods.

What the household and consequently the garden lack most of all is love. "I have made a muddle of the heart," says the grand dame. By lack of true affection she has alienated her daughter and muddled her granddaughter. She runs her home, which no fresh life touches except when the windows are smashed by the games of the working-class kids playing in the street outside, according to a protocol whose tenets she no longer understands. She still has "style," means and a certain eccentric flair and distinction, but she has

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if you are looking for a polemic or a partisan political tract.

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become increasingly arid, unproductive.

The English theatre today is a little like this chalk garden. What it does best are traditional pieces: Sheridan's *The Rivals,* a revival with Alec Guinness of an old—one might say classic—French farce by Georges Feydeau, Shakespeare sometimes. The outstanding production at the Old Vic at this moment is Tyrone Guthrie's treatment of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida,* but it is more a brilliant exercise in stagecraft (the play is embodied in the habit and tone of middle-Europe *circa* 1912) than a recreation of the Shakespearean vision. A certain admirable deportment and ingratiating stage aplomb are always present on the English stage, but fresh or strong impulses are now rare.

This is generally admitted by the English themselves. One of the leading critics holds the American theatre up as a model for the English to emulate. Another critic evinces considerable enthusiasm for the French. I was present at a supper party which developed into an astonishingly virulent debate—"row" would probably be the more descriptive word—in which a prominent English actor, one of the aforementioned critics and an important London manager were the principal participants. The actor defended the English theatre. The critic and the manager attacked it. "The American theatre is fifty times better than the English," one of them said. To which the somewhat exasperated actor challenged with an equivalent of "if you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?" "We wish we could" was the astonishing retort.

My own conclusion from my experience here is rather different from that of the several troubled gentlemen. One of the causes of the present "backwardness" of the English theatre is an underestimation on the part of English theatre people themselves—chiefly the managements—of the taste of the British public. It is not that the managements are too "commercial" but that they are somewhat retarded in their notions as to what may prove "commercial."

The Chalk Garden itself, in my opinion the best new English play in London, and—as I have indicated—eminently English in theme, was turned down by local managements and first produced (at a loss) in New York, while it has become a great box-office success here. Another hit is the Anouilh play already mentioned: it was rejected by the "regular" managements and first produced at the Arts (a club or subscription theatre) before it was moved to the West End. *Waiting for Godot,* also first produced at the Arts, proved profitable at the larger Criterion. *Tiger at the Gates,* much appreciated in London, was available for production back in 1936 but was produced here only at the instance of an American management.

The English theatre-going public is surely ready for what a courageous and knowledgeable management could give it. What is needed—and what such people as the desperate critic and manager of my story might contribute to—is the enthusiasm, joyous fanaticism, headlong energy, serious study and shrewd up-to-dateness of judgment which has characterized some of the Americans from the days of Arthur Hopkins and the Old Theatre Guild onwards. Troubled times are the proper time for work and hope and renewal.

The Nation's Presidential Poll

Who's your choice for the Democratic nomination?

How do you feel about Nixon as Eisenhower's running mate?

Would you vote for Eisenhower without Nixon?

Would you vote for any Democrat no matter who runs with Ike?

Once the nominating conventions are over, your choice for President and Vice-President is limited. In order to give *Nation* readers an opportunity to indicate their preference prior to the conventions, we are sponsoring a Presidential Preference Poll.

A ballot will appear in the June 16 issue—and only in that issue—and all readers are urged to watch for it. It will be a simple and comprehensive ballot which will enable you to register your reaction to any of the likely alternatives that you will face in November.

Since *Nation* readers form an important nation-wide audience and constitute a bellwether of the real liberal vote, their views will carry weight.

Watch for the June 16 issue and fill out and return the ballot.

Letter From Rome

William Weaver

PAESE-SERA, the smartest of Rome's Communist daily papers, has had plenty to write about recently: President Gronchi's visit to France, and that of B. and K. to London, the forthcoming Italian city elections, the bad weather, the situation in Algeria. And yet, every Friday it regularly devotes an entire page (Italian papers seldom run to more than ten pages) to an almost word-for-word account of the preceding evening's installment of *Lascia o raddoppia* (Double or Nothing). This is the weekly television program modelled on *The Sixty-four-Thousand-Dollar Question,* which for the past five months has been diverting a considerable amount of Italian interest and conversation from customary channels.

Italy is a talkative nation, a nation of lawyers and philosophers, and the impact of *Lascia o raddoppia* on the country has been typically Italian, despite its purely American origin: it was transported here by its popular MC, Mike Bongiorno, an Italo-American radio announcer. Though the maximum prize is far less than the stake for its American equivalent (5,120,000 *lire* or about $8,500), Italy is a poorer country and it is hard to find candidates sufficiently sporting to take it all as a game. Certainly, the Italian public does not take it as a game, as any casual discussion makes clear.

The first weeks, when nobody had yet won the five million, it was common to hear people say that the show was rigged, that the RAI (Radio Italiana) had no intention of giving away its money. When, shortly thereafter, a film publicity man named Luciano Zeppegno won the maximum by answering a three-part question on the history of architecture, many people said—even in print—that the question had been purposely

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made easy, though university professors confessed that they might not have been able to answer it. Several defeated contestants have brought suit against the RAI, some of them claiming that their answers were right and the Radio's wrong, others claiming that the Radio's questions were not pertinent to the field which they had elected. Italy is also a nation of law suits.

In all this, *Paese-Sera,* which is quick to climb on a bandwagon, has taken *Lascia o raddoppia* to its heart as a truly popular, proletarian manifestation, even though so far most of the candidates have been solid middle-class school teachers or doctors. In addition to its regular Friday account of the program, the paper runs biographies of the contestants, prints a regular column on Roman monuments by winner Zeppegno and another on numismatics by a popular, but unsuccessful contestant; and in the last few weeks, the editor has sent one of his best feature writers to tour the country interviewing disgruntled, rejected applicants to the program. Since an average of 200 people a day write to the RAI, announcing that they are experts on football or Italian opera or cooking, the reporter doesn't have to search hard for people to interview; but so far he hasn't turned up anybody who seems more interesting than the contestants currently enjoying their brief hour of national glory on the little screen.

The Italian Radio is extremely sensitive to criticism, both by *Paese-Sera* and by other publications representing the 200,000 set owners, because finally, after two years of television in Italy, it has a hit. When *La Televisione Italiana* was inaugurated on January 1, 1954, it enjoyed for some months the success of any novelty. At that time, it was not unusual here in Rome to see groups of twenty or thirty fascinated viewers clustered around a TV shop window, where inside a glowing screen revealed only the word INTERVALLO, sometimes for an hour or more between the afternoon and evening programs. But once this initial burst of interest was over, the public calmed down, and those who had bought sets found themselves faced with a single channel. They were a captive audience, and in those first months they were often forced to see the worst refuse of the American TV, dubbed into Italian. The antics of Stuart Erwin, as an American high-school principal, and his bratty children were often downright incomprehensible to an Italian family, which would never have sent their children to *that* high school and would have packed off Erwin's brood to the nearest loony bin. Though, of course, their batty carryings-on were here accepted as a true sample of the American way of life.

Original programs were faced with the same problems they faced at first in America: good actors and actresses were reluctant to appear before the cameras, and directors were always inexperienced and often unimaginative (they have now gained in experience, but that's about all). Since "live" opera is available in one form or another at some point of the year in almost every Italian hamlet, viewers had some standards by which to judge TV's operatic attempts, which, with two or three exceptions, were clumsy and inartistic. The Italian viewer would logically prefer a mediocre performance in a real theatre, with the color and smell and size proper to opera, to a mediocre performance on television.

THE MOST successful programs have been on-the-spot transmissions of newsworthy events like the winter Olympics at Cortina or the Kelly-Rainier wedding or a performance from some Italian theatre by a touring star like Lionel Hampton, who was here recently, or an opening night at La Scala or the Florence Festival. But these events are not frequent enough to satisfy the traditionally critical Italian public. *Lascia o raddoppia* at least has the advantage of interesting *most* of the people *most* of the time; but it accounts for only an hour a week.

Instead of creating new programs or a new channel, RAI is creating new audiences. At first TV was available only from Rome to the north. At Christmas it was extended to Naples. Next year it should arrive in Bari, and shortly after that should extend to the rest of the south and to Sicily and Sardinia. Each of these extensions will probably give TV a boost; but at best, they are stop-gaps. This winter, the administration of *Televisione* was shaken up, and Mario Labroca, one of the heads of the Radio here in Rome, was sent to Milan to inject new life into the programs. So far, things seem unchanged, except for the giveaway program's triumph. But *Paese-Sera* is already predicting a swing of public interest away from *Lacia o raddoppia,* and when that happens, Italian TV will be in hotter water than ever.

DISSENT

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Monday, June 4

THE GENERAL'S ESCAPE (ABS; TV Reader's Digest). Dramatization of the spectacular (excuse the expression) escape of French hero Henri Giraud from a Nazi prison to lead Free French forces in the occupation of North Africa.

Tuesday, June 5

THE MAJOR OF ST. LO (ABC; DuPont Cavalcade Theatre). Story of another World War II hero, Major Tom Howie, and his part in the Normandy invasion; presented in observance of the twelfth anniversary of D-Day (June 6).

Wednesday, June 6

AUTUMN CROCUS (NBC; NBC Matinee Theatre). America's favorite bride will portray a spinster tempted by a fleeting chance at happiness in this adaptation of a famous Broadway hit. Margaret Truman Daniel played the same role in summer stock two years ago.

Saturday, June 9

THE GRAND TOUR (NBC; Max Liebman Spectacular). Musical version of Elmer Rice's play, with Keith Andes and others.

RADIO

Sunday, June 3

WHAT ARE THE REAL CAMPAIGN ISSUES? (ABC; America's Town Meeting of the Air). Senator Norris Cotton (R; N. H.) will cross words with Rep. Wayne L. Hays (D; Ohio).

Tuesday, June 5

REPORT ON CALIFORNIA PRIMARIES (CBS and NBC).

Saturday, June 9

NORMAN THOMAS (CBS). Topic: "Socialism for 1956."

A. W. L.

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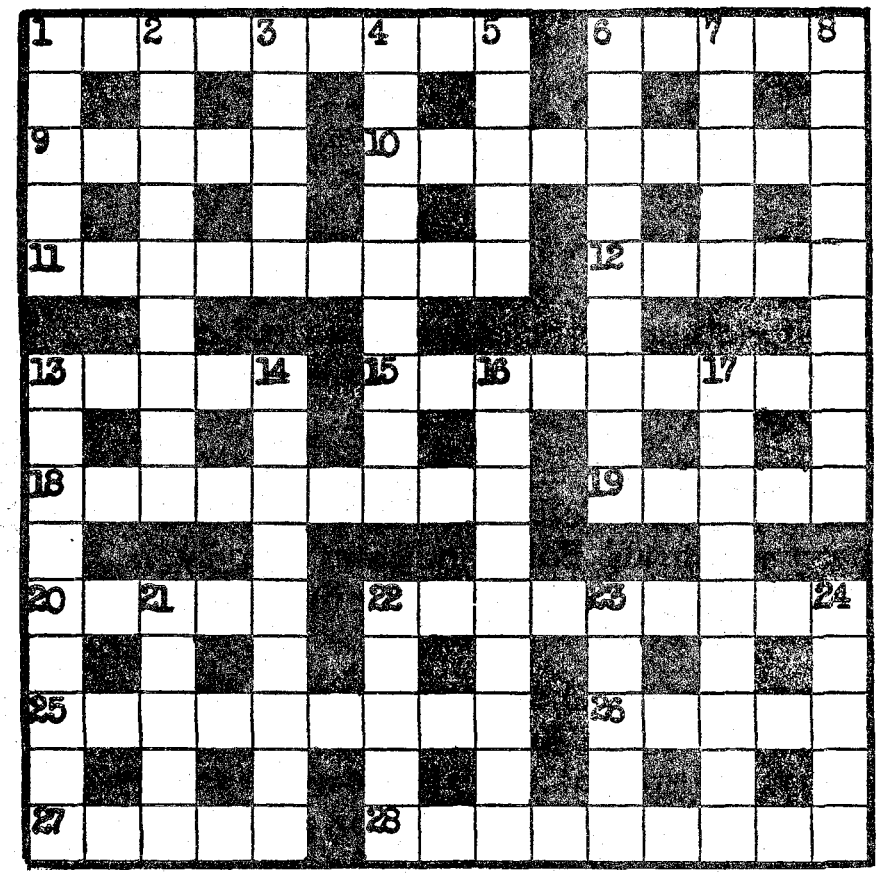
Crossword Puzzle No. 674

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What Lizzie used before ten leads to mother having a nervous disorder, it's self-evident. (9)
6 What a lousy carriage! (5)
9 Act in a rut, in a way, like one family. (5)
10 Might have been a way to contain a spasm, once. (9)
11 This puts the spectator right in the picture. (9)
12 Evidence of part of the harness. (5)
13 Bury for most of the season. (5)
15 Came back with a new suit, perhaps. (9)
18 The new position of a setter in prospect. (9)
19 Unbrageous, rather than pertaining to the blind! (5)
20 Millet was responsible for this with us, and it should look heavenly! (5)
22 The canter that is more of a leap. (9)
25 It is clean, perhaps, and should never yield. (9)
26 Fumes. (5)
27 Such a word is used on occasion. (5)
28 In the making of a hat, system implies colors. (9)

DOWN:

1 Lies far removed from 25 to get this sort of fun. (5)
2 With action rid of it, there might be no point without it. (9)
3 Polo associated with a peculiar carom? Properly so! (5)
4 He's surrounded by a sign in the storehouse. (9)
5 The merger of two small companies over a drink? (5)
6 Offensively conceited. (9)
7 Fruit of the agua valerian. (5)
8 When the word of Caesar might have stood against the world. (9)
13 With tires, does this always bring a higher price. (9)
14 How one might act in the evening? (9)
16 The sort of thing that goes 'round in 11. (9)
17 Less hated when going on and on. (9)
21 You might ask for this back, if you want the bill. (5)
22 The subordinate part of an unusual edition. (5)
23 You'll find us more than once with a sort of this in 4 down. (5)
24 Phillips Brooks suggested you pray for powers equal to your this. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 673

ACROSS: 1 DUTY-BOUND; 6 QUASI; 9 OAKLAND; 10 NEAREST; 11 and 30 PANCAKES; 12 and 20 NORMAN CONQUEST; 13 PAIR; 15 PLATEFUL; 18 RUBBER; 23 and 25 GALLEON; 24 DUNDEE; 3 ROADBED; 29 HEADING; 31 APPRAISES. DOWN: 1 DROOP; 2 and 16 TAKING A POWDER; 3 BRAIN FEVER; 4 UNDERCUT; 5 DENIAL; 6 QUAY; 7 ABELARD; 8 INTERPRET; 14 TORQUEMADA; 15 PARAGORIC; 17 LORDSHIP; 19 BULWARK; 21 EYELIDS; 22 TUNDRA; 26 NEGUS; 27 EBBS.

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In the first four months of 1956, twenty-four articles from **The Nation** were reprinted in newspapers and magazines—five selections from editorials and articles were sent out by syndicates – thirty-one articles and editorials were quoted and commented on editorially.

✣

This is not a complete record. It is based only upon such clippings as have been sent to us. But it indicates roughly the extent to which **The Nation** is quoted all over the world.

✣

Some papers and magazines that have quoted from **The Nation** during the above period are: **Amrita Bazar Patrika** (Calcutta, India), **Argus** (Australia), **Christian Science Monitor** (Boston, Mass.), Dallas (Tex.) **Morning News,** Madison (Wis.) **Capital-Times, Mondo Operaio** (Rome, Italy), **Negro Press** (Chicago Ill.), **Railroad Labor** (Washington, D. C.), Riverside (Calif.) **Daily Press,** St. Louis (Mo.) **Post-Dispatch, Sekai** (Tokyo, Japan), Sydney (Australia) **Voice, Time Magazine, Times of India** (Bombay), Toronto (Canada) **Star,** Washington (D.C.) **Post,** Wellington (New Zealand) **Evening Post,** York (Pa.) **Gazette and Daily.**

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